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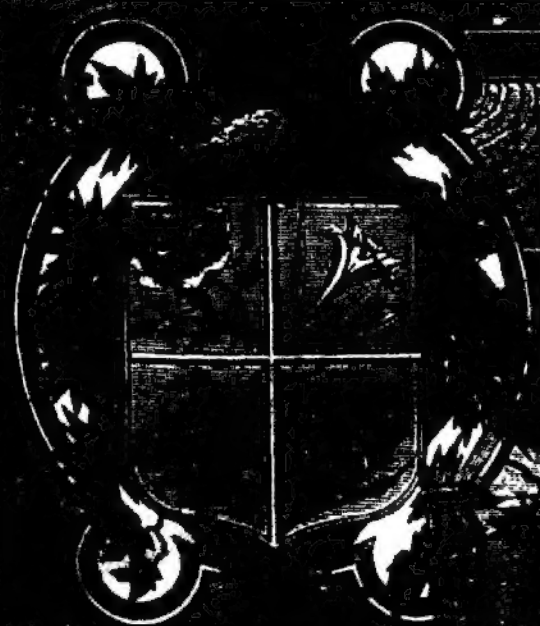
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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1889.



THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

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A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

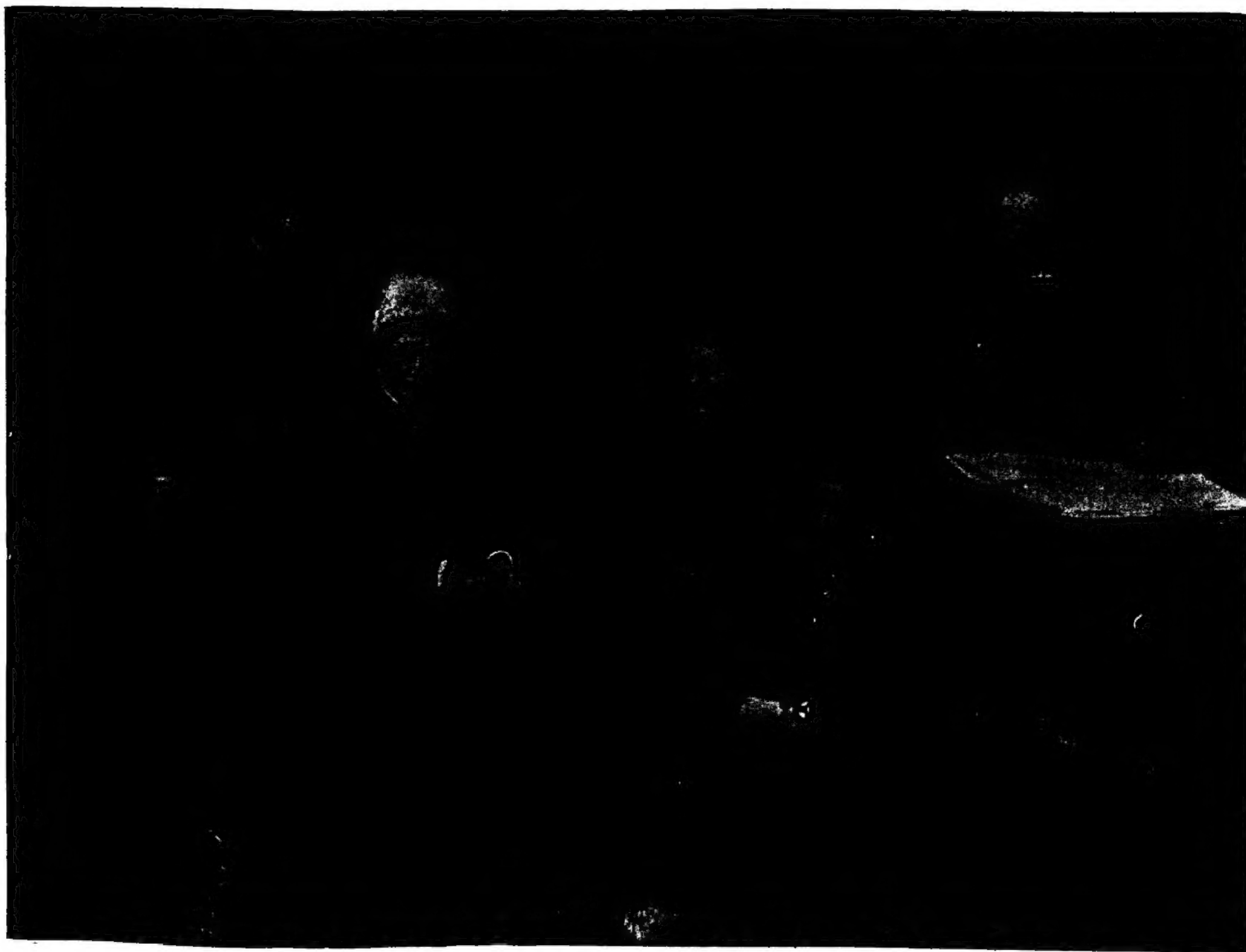
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, BY GEORGE E. DESSARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

(REGISTERED.)

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A GROUP OF LADIES OF THE REFORM PARTY, AT OTTAWA.

Topley, photo.

The Dominion Illustrated.

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6th JULY, 1889.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

We regret that the illustrations which should accompany Mrs. Arthur Spragge's sketches of British Columbia are unavoidably held over till next issue.

From *The Canada Gazette*, 22nd June, 1889:

"Public Notice is hereby given that under 'The Companies Act,' letters patent have been issued under the Great Seal of Canada, bearing date the 27th May, 1889, incorporating Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G., M.P., Hon. George A. Drummond, Senator, Andrew Robertson, Chairman, Montreal Harbour Commissioners, Richard B. Angus, director Canadian Pacific Railway, Hugh McLennan, forwarder, Andrew Allan, shipowner, Adam Skaife, merchant, Edward W. Parker, clerk, Dame Lucy Anne Bossé, wife of George E. Desbarats, George Edward Desbarats, A.B., L.L.B., publisher, and William A. Desbarats, publisher, all of the city of Montreal and Province of Quebec; Gustavus W. Wicksteed, Queen's Counsel, and Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., Civil Engineer, of the city of Ottawa and Province of Ontario, and J. H. Brownlee, Dominion Land Surveyor, of the city of Brandon and Province of Manitoba, for the purpose of carrying on all the business of engraving, printing and publishing in all the branches of the said several businesses and including publication of a newspaper and other periodical publications, by the name of 'The Dominion Illustrated Publishing Company (Limited),' with a total capital stock of fifty thousand dollars divided into 500 shares of one hundred dollars.

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this 21st day of June, 1889.

J. A. CHAPLEAU,
Secretary of State."

LITERARY NOTES.

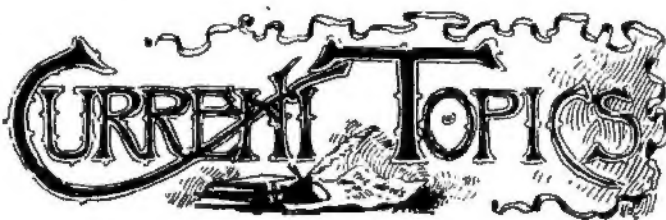
Professor Chandler, who died recently at Pembroke College, Oxford, of which he was a Fellow, was regarded as the most profound Aristotelian scholar in England.

Messrs. W. and J. Arnold announce a finely printed edition (strictly limited to 400 copies) of "Verse-tales, Lyrics, and Translations," by Emily H. Hickey, author of "A Sculptor and Other Poems," etc.

The death is announced, at the age of 45, of the Rev. William H. Simcox, rector of Harlaxton. He was a contributor to the *Expositor*, *Academy* and *English Historical Review*, and was a man of much culture.

Referring to the announcement that Lord Brassey has placed the *Sunbeam* at the disposal of Lord Tennyson, the *Athenaeum* wittily observes that he "will cruise in it as soon as the weather fulfils the promise of May."

The statement is put in circulation by the London correspondent of a Manchester paper that the late Mr. Frederick Martin had written a life of Carlyle, with some 150 letters from the Chelsea sage to illustrate it, and that the manuscript is missing. The *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks that the loss will to many persons be "little short of a calamity." There seem, however, says the *Literary World*, to be mitigating circumstances which may reconcile others to the loss. They will be found in the words put in italics in the following extract:—"The late Mr. Frederick Martin, who edited the 'Statesman's Year-Book,' and was pensioned by Lord Beaconsfield, was at one time private secretary to the late Thomas Carlyle, and learned the most intimate particulars about the family of the sage of Chelsea. Some ten years ago Mr. Martin started a biographical dictionary, the introductory article of which was a long illustrated chapter about Carlyle's birthplace, family and ancestors. This chapter and the promise of others to follow gave great offence to Carlyle, who invoked the law and virtually stopped the periodical. To relieve his injured feelings, Mr. Martin wrote a book about Carlyle—all his early days, his struggles and his domestic affairs, and whatever promised to be of interest." No man is a hero to his valet, and few are heroic in the eyes of their private secretaries.



Pereunt et imputantur—the years pass away and are set to our charge. In three years more the Dominion of Canada will be commemorating its silver wedding. A quarter of a century of federal administration will have been completed, and our public men—nay ourselves, for we cannot shift our responsibilities—will be called upon to render an account of stewardship. The coincidence of other great anniversaries may, perhaps, be made a pretext for letting that of the Dominion slip by unnoticed. What are twenty-five years compared with ten times twenty-five, with the quarter of a millennium? Or with sixteen times twenty-five, four centuries? Yet to us the shorter period is more charged with significance. In common with all Americans, with all civilization, we share in the manifold meaning and wondrous results of Columbus's discovery. Can we imagine the last four hundred years without this boundless refuge for Europe's superfluous millions. The foundation of Montreal by De Maisonneuve is also an event on which we cannot look back with indifference; and its 250th anniversary deserves the salutation of universal Canada. But we must not forget that, but for the confederation of the provinces, we should still be a sporadic cluster of little colonies without coherence, without co-operation, without plan, or strength or hope. Confederation made us a people, bound us into one, gave us the grasp of the continent, and the control of three mighty oceans. Have we done all that we might have done with the privileges that it conferred? Have we so developed, multiplied, thriven, that, when on Dominion Day, 1892, we are asked to look back to the cradle of our nationhood, we can survey the record of intervening years with the proud consciousness that we have done our duty as citizens, as communities, as a people?

Materially our progress has been extraordinary. Let any of our middle-aged readers recall the Canada of 1864 when the federal idea first commended itself to our statesmen as practicable, and try to imagine what, from the standpoint of that time, the Canada of to-day would have seemed to him. His forecast must, indeed, have been sanguine if the reality does not greatly surpass it. Still there are some who keep insisting that confederation has been a failure, that our actual condition shows no adequate return for the expenditure of means and energies, material, intellectual and moral, that contributed to its creation. To such criticism let it be hoped that, when our silver wedding comes to pass, the friends of confederation will be able to reply. We shall look with interest to the revelations of the next census, the first results of which will be known before Dominion Day, 1892. Meanwhile, it will be the constant aim of this journal to keep the public informed of every step in our advance, of every advantage gained in the development of our vast and varied resources.

The census with our neighbours begins a year earlier than with ourselves. The whole twelve months preceding the enumeration are devoted to the collection of data by individuals. Farmers, for instance, are asked by circular—which has already been issued—to keep careful accounts of

the products of their farms, their live stock, their incomes and outlays, during the year beginning June 1st, 1889. The more accurately such accounts are kept the more trustworthy will be the census statistics. The circular sent out by the census superintendent is, therefore, an appeal to the patriotism and conscientiousness of every householder who receives it. In June, 1890, the enumerators make their house to house visits, and on the character of the returns handed to them will depend the value of the census. It has been suggested that, if farmers would make it a rule to keep accurate accounts of their operations all the time, the task would come easy to them in census years, and the public would have more faith in the census statistics. The advice is as applicable to Canada as to the United States. There is no reason why farming should not, like other occupations, be conducted on a strictly business basis.

We are glad to see that an organized effort is being made to extend the benefits of the experimental farm near Ottawa to the agriculture of this province. The task of initiating the movement has been entrusted to the able editor of the *Pionnier de Sherbrooke*, who, by a series of articles and lectures, will impress on the people of the Eastern Townships the great advantages of scientific and economical, as opposed to haphazard, methods in agriculture. He will also show the value of the manifold experiments that Mr. Saunders has been conducting for some years past with different grains, vegetables and trees, which, though adapted to latitudes, or isotherms like ours in Europe, have only recently been introduced to the northern regions of the American continent.

Every week our attention is called to some new phase in the development of our varied resources. A business which, according to the *St. John Sun*, has of late been assuming large, and is likely to assume much larger, proportions, is the utilization of the native granite of New Brunswick. Near St. George, in Charlotte County, at the mouth of the Magaguadavic River, a place hitherto noted for its lumber trade, there is a mountain of red granite, which, it is claimed, has no superior in the world. Several firms are doing a thriving business in this substance. At Carleton a company has been formed, known as the New Brunswick Red Granite Company, the business of which has of late materially increased. It has a large quarry at St. George, where red, and at Spoon Island, where grey, granite is obtained; gives employment to about a hundred and forty men, and receives important orders from the United States, as well as at home. All kinds of materials for building purposes are manufactured in the company's works.

The *Canadian Architect and Builder* devotes a long and carefully written article to a question which has of late been exciting a good deal of controversy—that of the disposal of electric wires. That the overhead wires, in the present multiplicity of telegraphic operation, have become excessively inconvenient, not to speak of their unsightliness, is generally admitted. Can they be placed underground without disadvantage? The experience of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and other American cities, and of the British metropolis, shows, urges our contemporary, that telegraph, telephone, fire alarm, and other low tension wires, can be so worked successfully. With high tension wires, the expense of keeping them in order stands in the way. In many cases double

rates would be the result of their enforced burial. The *Architect and Builder* suggests the adoption of a neat and safe pole line and waterproof insulation (from the lack of which arises the danger). Civic authorities should, therefore, insist on the burial of all low tension wires, and compel electric light companies to erect safe and sightly overhead lines, until they too are able to operate the underground system with economy. In that way, our contemporary thinks, the question might be satisfactorily solved.

No testimony to the desirableness of the North-West as a field for the emigrant, whether from Eastern Canadian or English visitor, has been so enthusiastically outspoken as that which "Eli Perkins," the well-known American journalist, has rendered after a recent visit. A region of 200,000,000 acres, he writes; a region as large as two Dakotas, Iowa, and Nebraska; a region of wondrous fertility and salubrity, and of a climate which, at the central point, averages 35° between November and March, still awaits the population that is to till it and to dress it. A great portion of that region is north of the boundary line. "Do you want a farm?" he asks of his clientèle, the American public. If so, he says, write to the Government land agent at Winnipeg, who will send you pamphlets and maps, indicating the best districts for a homestead, and will also send you letters of introduction to sub-agents all along the line of the C. P. R., who, in turn, will assign you free farms of 160 acres in their respective districts. "I have been simply astonished," wrote the same enterprising journalist to the *N. Y. World*, "at the natural wealth along the entire line of the C. P. R. The miracle of Guthrie has been eclipsed by Vancouver, which has grown into a city of 16,000 in three years." Wherever he went the surprise and delight were the same. "There is no poor soil along the C. P. R." And then the mineral wealth and the scenery, the mountains, the forests of cedars, the mighty rivers, with their majestic canyons. The North-West and British Columbia are the veritable wonderland.

It is a good sign when a country's public and professional men have a taste for letters and find time to gratify it. In this respect Canada, if it cannot set itself up in comparison with its great motherlands, has, at least, not forgotten their good examples. The list of our statesmen, barristers, (including occupants of the Bench), and members of the Civil Service, who have engaged with credit in the pursuit of one or other branch of literature, is not altogether unworthy of our origins, traditions and destinies. The palm belongs, we believe, to our French compatriots, some of whose most distinguished *littérateurs* have also reached high positions in political life. The *doyen* of the literary guild in this province (as Mr. Lighthall reminds us in the "Songs of the Great Dominion") is the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau. How little the burden of years has impaired the clearness of his mind or the silver fluency of his tongue, was made opportunely evident by his oration on the inauguration of the Cartier-Brebœuf statue. The mastery of language, the scholarly thought, the exuberant patriotism, the veneration for the mysteries of religion, which impressed the vast audience gathered on the banks of the historic Lairet, were the same that had thrilled and delighted an elder generation around the tomb of Garneau.

While the "Old man eloquent" is thus, with pristine vigour and learned grace, appealing to the

piety and patriotism of his people in presence, as it were, of the very cradle of New France, a younger son of Canada, who has served his country in the highest position to which one of its citizens can aspire, has been laying before his enlightened compatriots the treasures of a more recent, but not less significant, past—the story of Canadian (as distinguished from French or British) conquest in the North-West. In our last issue (No. 52) we gave an inadequate summary of the events covered by the Hon. ex-Governor Masson's admirable work. "Les Bourgeois de la Compagnie du Nord-Ouest" is not only a credit to the learned and estimable author, it is invaluable to the student of our history.

A NEW YEAR.

With this number the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED enters on its second year, and, as may be seen in the proper place, a change has taken place in the title of the administration. The Dominion Illustrated Publishing Company will henceforth assume all the duties and responsibilities of the firm of G. E. Desbarats & Son, Mr. G. E. Desbarats holding the position of Managing Director. To what we have already said as to the aims of the periodical—aims indicated in its name—and the manner in which the publishers have endeavoured to carry them out, there is little to add. We shall continue to do our best to make the journal a fair and full representation of the natural wealth, scenery, places of historic interest, sporting facilities, health resorts and public and private enterprise of the Dominion. But this task we can discharge worthily only when we are assured of the sympathy and co-operation of the authorities and people of the Dominion. We appeal, therefore, to the patriotic devotion of all to whom these lines may come to assist us in our undertaking, which, we feel assured, only needs fair play to render it of real and enduring benefit to our great country. We promise to do our part, and if our readers and the public only do theirs, our combined efforts are sure to be fruitful.

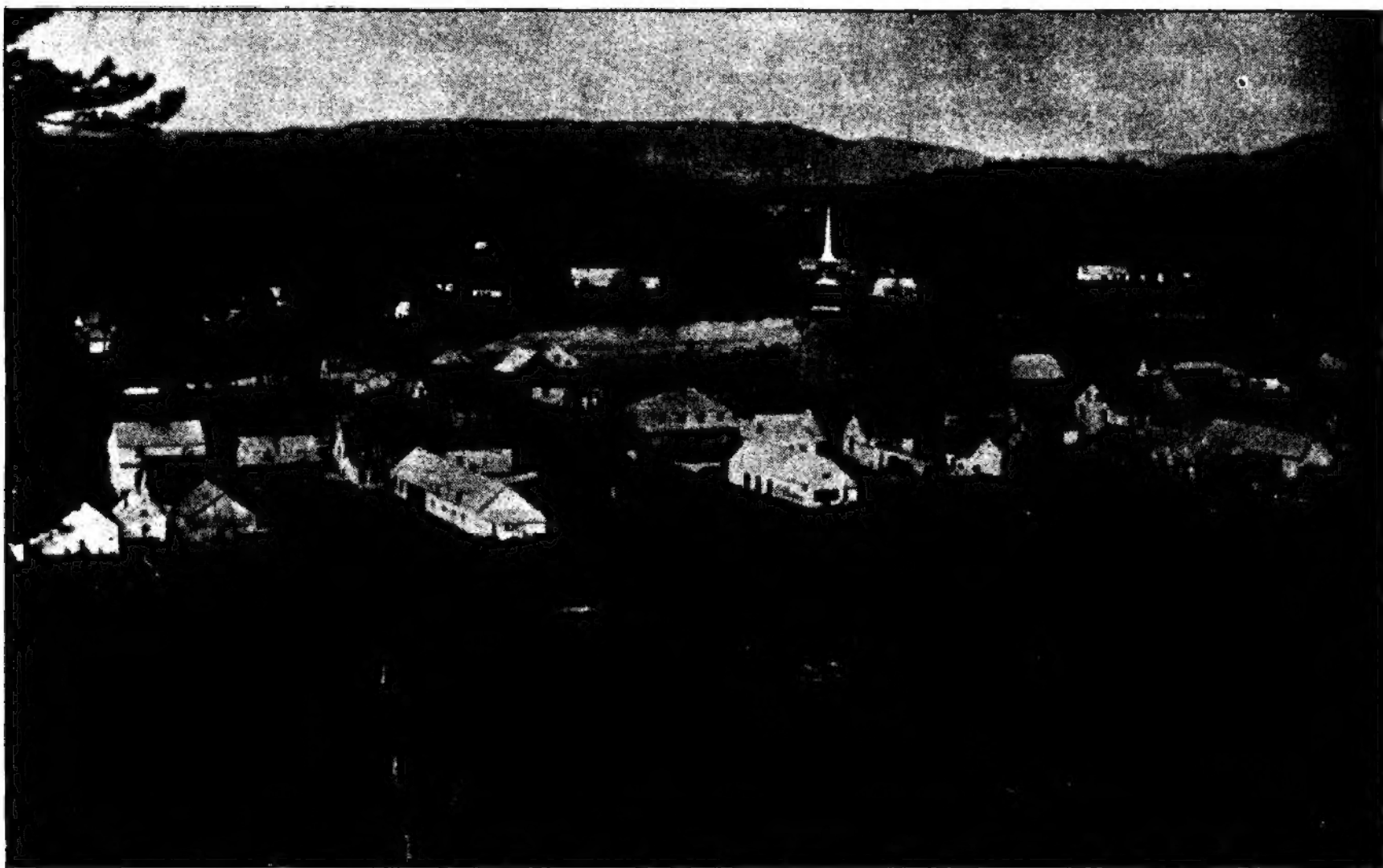
CARTIER-BREBŒUF.

The celebration of the National Festival this year will be memorable in the history of the French-Canadian people. The erection of a monument to Jacques Cartier on the very spot where he wintered more than three centuries and a-half ago, was the happy conception of M. Amedée Robitaille, President of the St. Jean Baptiste Society of Quebec. The idea had often before, doubtless, occurred to patriotic Canadians. It is now about forty-five years since, through the exertions of the late Mr. F. B. Faribault, an enthusiast for all that concerned our historic past, the Mayor of St. Malo collected a mass of interesting information bearing on the career of his distinguished townsman, of whom all Bretons, and all Malouins especially, are justly proud. Not the least valuable of the gifts that were then conferred on Canada was a copy of the famous portrait of the illustrious explorer, so familiar to later generations. We, who see those features under so many different circumstances,—on bank bills, in advertisements, and as simple ornamentation, can have no notion of the surprise and delight with which its advent to these shores was hailed by Mr. Faribault and his friends nearly half a century ago. Nevertheless, though familiar, the lineaments of the brave mariner, to whom Canada owes so much, have lost nothing by frequent reproduction. It was meet

that the pioneer hero of the Canadian people should be a well-known figure to every Canadian child. No school boy or school girl has to-day to be told for what reason the representatives of Church and State, of business and professional life, of agriculture and manufacturing industry, gathered in such numbers at Quebec on the 24th ult. and following days. When they heard or read the impassioned periods of Abbé Paquet, his outbursts of sacred eloquence and appeals to the higher sentiments of patriotism; when they listened to or perused the glowing tribute of that veteran statesman and man of letters, the Hon. Dr. Chauveau, to the glories of the past, and especially to the spirit of noble enterprise and pious zeal which impelled the explorer and the missionary to abandon the ease of home for the trials and dangers of the ocean and the wilderness, they knew that the centre of so much admiration and merited praise was that very Jacques Cartier whose face they had known so well, whose attitude and thoughtful expression have so often excited their wonder. It is well for a people, when it has heroes so great and so good, that the children may be permitted without fear to exhaust their curiosity in asking about their lives. To such a type of heroism Cartier essentially belonged. His career makes a capital boy's story—lacking no element of interest, novelty in scene and character, perils by land and sea, the dramatic conflict of motive. But its interest is a hundred fold increased when it is remembered that his romantic voyages and discoveries, his bold navigation of strange waters, his interviews with the denizens of the forest, his unfailing observance of religious duty, his naming of places after the festivals of the Church, his setting up of the Cross and the arms of France, thus giving all who might come after him to understand that his royal master was already in possession of the region—that all these records of valour and skill and successive adventure, form the opening chapter in the history of Canada and the Canadian people.

It so happened that the same storied spot on the banks of the Lairet, where Cartier and his companions had spent the winter of 1635-36, was, at a later stage in our annals, the chosen home of the missionaries who came to evangelize the Indians. Of the roll of honour of these martyrs and confessors, one name was selected to serve, in conjunction with that of Cartier, for the commemoration of Religion's share in the building up of the Canadian people. Thus the two names—Cartier-Brebœuf—stand for what is most characteristic in the settlement, growth, and expansion of the French race on this continent, the union of religious enthusiasm with exploring enterprise. If we follow the traces of their advance from point to point westward and northward and southward, over the as yet untrodden expanse of North America, we shall seldom find the black robe long in the rear of the adventurer, and we shall often find him indicating the way, which the trader, the soldier or the man of science was subsequently to make his own. The story of her missions is and will ever remain a most salient and glorious feature in the development of New France. What a train of thought is suggested by that concourse of last week on that spot of clustering memories! In the New World our shrines are few, and the spirit of new-world life is not favorable to their preservation. But Quebec and its vicinity abound in vestiges of the past. Every footstep one treads is haunted by association with names and deeds that are historic.

THE LAKE ST. JOHN DISTRICT.



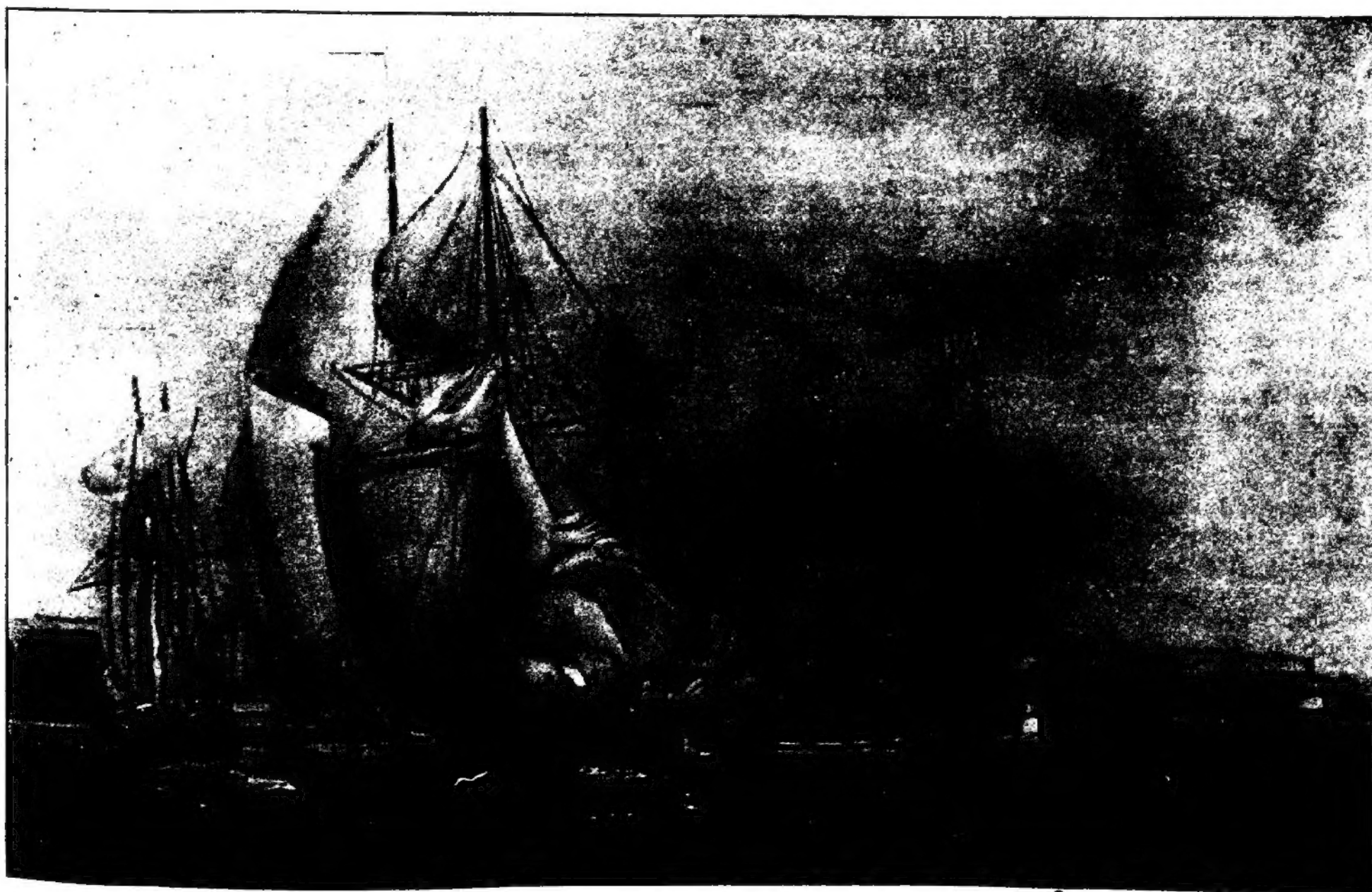
TWO VIEWS OF ST. RAYMOND.

Livernois, photo.



W. W. OGILVIE, ESQ., THE GREAT CANADIAN MILLER.

Notman, photo.



GRAIN FLEET SAILING INTO THE HARBOUR OF KINGSTON, ONT.

From a drawing by Mr. M. Henderson.

But to no spot in it or near it can the visitor repair in which the spirit of the days gone by has fuller mastery than where stands the Cartier-Brebœuf memorial. And, henceforth, it is sure to be one of our most frequented goals of pilgrimage. May its erection bring home to every Canadian the duty of doing his individual share in maintaining and enhancing the glories of his race, by doing, like Cartier, like Brebœuf, his allotted task in his day and generation. Imitation is, after all, the truest homage.

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.

This institution, of which the closing exercises for the years 1888-89 took place last week, is, perhaps, hardly so well known to the people of Canada as, in view of its services to the country, it deserves to be. It was established in 1876 for the purpose of imparting a thorough education in all branches of military tactics and such other departments of knowledge as come within the range of an officer's requirements. Mathematics, surveying, military topography, reconnaissance, mechanics, engineering, artillery, fortification, chemistry, geology, geometrical and freehand drawing, military history, administration and law, modern languages, and other subjects allied to these are comprised in the course of study. The gentlemen cadets are subject to military rules and regulations, as in the regular army. The commandant is always a British officer of high rank and long experience. The institution was first placed in charge of Col. Hewett, R.E., C.M.G., who held the responsible position with credit to himself and profit to the college until 1886, when he retired on receiving a high appointment from the British Government. To his accomplishments, ability and tact the success of the Military College has been in a large measure due. He was succeeded by Col. Oliver, R.A., who had been associated with the work of the institution almost from its foundation, and, on his retirement, the present commandant, Major-General Cameron, was placed at the head of the college. The staff of professors consists of picked men, each of whom is a specialist in the subject on which he lectures or gives instruction. On graduating, each cadet takes rank as a lieutenant in the Canadian militia, those who obtain commissions in the British army being, however, excepted from this rule. In January, 1880, notification was given of the intention of the Imperial Government to offer annually four commissions to successful cadets of the college. These commissions were to be one each in the Royal Engineers, the Royal Artillery, the Cavalry and the Infantry, and in the summer of the same year Messrs. Perry, Fairbanks, Wise and Freer availed themselves of a privilege which has since then been regularly conferred on deserving graduates. The commissions are offered to each graduate successively from the highest in the list until four have signified their wish to accept. Already there have been nearly forty such appointments, and several of the alumni of the college, who have thus taken service in England's army, have won high reputations for ability and courage. Some of the graduates have been deemed worthy of positions in the college as instructors. A considerable proportion of them served their country with distinction in the Northwest.

The advantage to Canada of having such a centre of military education and traditions can hardly be over-estimated. The years spent at Kingston are not only likely to be recalled as the most pleas-

ant in the lives of those favoured with cadetships, but cannot fail to be most fruitful in the formation of character and habits. The association of young men of lofty aspirations with veterans of the English army, rich in its best traditions and masters in military lore, is itself an education. The moral effect of the training is invaluable, whether the cadet chooses an army career or turns his gathered knowledge to account in the furtherance of the great public works of his native Canada. He is, though professionally civilian, a soldier by discipline and ready for the soldier's patriotic task should ever danger threaten our borders. The Royal Military College is the best link that could have been devised between Canada and the motherland. The presence of native Canadians in the Imperial service tends to perpetuate the sentiment of enthusiasm in our national glories and to make the prestige of connection with them a real thing to every province in the Dominion.

Not the least welcome feature in the operation of the college is the place occupied in its honorable roll by gentlemen of French-Canadian names and lineage. Here on our own soil, for more than a century, the descendants of *la Belle France* have proved their patriotic devotion and soldierly prowess in many a field. In 1775, in 1812, in 1866, whenever a foreign foe dared to threaten or assail our common country, they were always in the van, proud to show the military ardour of old France in defence of the new France which their fathers had won from the wilderness. However changed might be its conditions, it was still their cherished home and contained all that they most prized on earth. The institutions under which they lived had left intact all the heirlooms of their race. Those institutions had, moreover, been made their own by adoption and development, and they looked upon them as the palladium of their liberties. On these grounds had De Salaberry and his valiant Voltigeurs fought for hearth and home at Chateauguay; and later generations have gloried in his example—the initialed record of our army list shows to what effect. A military college, therefore, where scions of both races acquire the art of leadership by learning obedience, self-command and reverence for authority is an institution of which all who wish well to Canada should know the value, and we are sure our readers will rejoice to hear of its continued success.

CANADIAN INDUSTRIES.

I.—THE MILLING INDUSTRY.

In no respect has the industrial development of the Dominion in recent years been more marked than in the enormous expansion of the grain and flour trade. Some of our readers are probably old enough to recall the day of small things, before the era of railroads had revolutionized the carrying trade, when the lonely settler trudged for miles through the forest with his bag of wheat to the little grist mill which had the monopoly of its district. In his interesting sketches of early pioneer life, Mr. Canniff Haight tells of the first grist mill in Ontario, built by the Government for the use of the settlers, to which his grandfather carried his few bushels of wheat in a canoe a distance of some thirty-five miles. In the course of time mills multiplied, but for many years they remained of the same dimensions, the greater number of them having but a single run of stones. As the production of the country increased and machinery improved, a change began to take place in the character and capacity of the mills. It was not, however, till within a comparatively recent time that the business assumed the proportions which give Canada its repute in this important branch of

industry. Some twenty-five years ago a Hungarian devised a small porcelain roller as a substitute for the stone roller previously in use. In 1867 Mr. Ogilvie went to Europe to gather information on the subject, and the result was the introduction of the new invention into Canadian mills. Its adoption inaugurated a new era. Ever since then Canada has kept pace with the march of improvement, and every new idea has been promptly turned to account.

Montreal has long been the headquarters of the milling trade, and among its noteworthy firms that of Messrs. A. W. Ogilvie & Co. has for years held a leading position. We, therefore, associate Mr. W. W. Ogilvie with this opening article on our grain and flour industries. The first flour exported to Europe, under British rule, was ground at his grandfather's mill at Jacques Cartier, near Quebec. That was in 1801, shortly after Mr. Ogilvie's arrival in this country from Stirlingshire, Scotland. Seeing the prospects of a profitable business, he built a mill at the Lachine Rapids. The farmers from the surrounding country were accustomed to bring their grain to Montreal market (then held on what is now Custom House Square), and Mr. Ogilvie had no difficulty in obtaining their wheat. In 1802 an important bakery was established on the site of the present Balmoral Hotel. In the deed, the land is said to be "on the King's highway, leading to Lachine and near Montreal"—a description of which shows that our city limits have considerably extended since the beginning of the century. At the close of the last century the magistrates fixed the price of the brown loaf of 6 lbs. at 7½d. or 15 sols, the white loaf of 4 lbs. being rated at the same figure. In the year when Mr. Ogilvie started his bakery, the grand jury, owing probably to a scarcity of flour, ordered the price to be raised to a shilling.

In 1852, Mr. A. W. Ogilvie and his brothers, Messrs. John and William Ogilvie, erected the Glenora mills on the Lachine Canal. Subsequently they erected the Goderich, the Seaforth, the Winnipeg, and the Royal Mills. The daily capacity of these mills is 25,000 bushels or 5,650 barrels of wheat. No less than 32 elevators, all owned by Mr. Ogilvie, situated in Ontario, Manitoba and the Territories, are employed for the storage of the wheat supplied by the farmers. In 1877 Mr. Ogilvie inaugurated the regular export of wheat from Manitoba, beginning with 500 bushels. It was forwarded in bags and shipped by Red River steamers to Fargo, whence the North Pacific conveyed it to Duluth, on Lake Superior. From that point it was forwarded to the mill at Goderich, where it was ground. Though the quantity was small, the venture sufficed to establish the reputation of Manitoba wheat, and from that date the shipments steadily increased. In ten years the exports had grown to 12,000,000 bushels—24,000 times the quantity of the experimental year.

In 1880 an important impulse was given to the North-West wheat trade by the extension of the St. Paul and Minneapolis Railway to the southern boundary of Manitoba, and its connection with the Emerson branch of the Canadian Pacific. An uninterrupted route was thus secured between the North-West wheat fields and the outside world. Shipments by rail were then first made, via Chicago, to Eastern Canada and Montreal. The following table shows the increase that Mr. Ogilvie's shipments subsequently underwent from year to year:

YEAR.	BUSHEL.
1881.....	200,000
1882.....	400,000
1883.....	650,000
1884.....	1,000,000
1885.....	1,250,000
1886.....	1,500,000
1887.....	2,100,000
1888.....	3,900,000

Up to the present, in fact, Mr. Ogilvie has purchased more than half of all the wheat grown in Manitoba and the North-West Territories. Since the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway he has shipped largely to Japan. That Canada is destined to secure a large share of the trade of the lands beyond the Pacific may, indeed, be regarded as certain. Our neighbours have already

begun to feel how formidable is the competition induced by our great transcontinental line. The grain business of Canada is only one—though a most important—phase of the railway, our advantages in which American firms do not pretend to ignore. The extent of our grain business will be best shown by the complete returns for last year.

In 1888 Canada exported, of her own production, 9,370,158 bushels of barley, valued at \$6,494,416; 566,721 bushels of oats, valued at \$185,010. Of these two grains Canada exported none of foreign growth. The export of peas was 2,164,049 bushels, valued at \$1,532,245; of wheat, 2,163,754 bushels, valued at \$1,886,470; of wheat of American and other growth, there passed through Canada 5,125,940 bushels, valued at \$4,535,484; of flour of wheat, of native growth and grist, the export was 350,111 barrels, valued at \$1,580,019; of flour of wheat of foreign production, 5,768 barrels, valued at \$23,693, were exported; of Indian meal, the export was 345 barrels, valued at \$1,305; the export of the same commodity of foreign production, was 442 barrels, valued at \$942; of beans, the export was 66,768 bushels, valued at \$124,795; of beans not grown in Canada, 151 bushels, valued at \$464, were exported; of oatmeal, the export was \$13,849, valued at \$53,525; of oatmeal, of foreign production, 510 barrels, valued at \$1,426, were exported; of all other kinds of meal, 12,465 barrels, valued at \$48,714, of native, and 102 barrels, valued at \$396, of foreign production, were exported.

These figures will give our readers some notion of the progress that Canada is making in this branch of industry.

There are at present in the Dominion more than 2,000 mills, giving employment to a large number of hands, which exported last year 376,770 barrels of flour of all kinds. When the extent of our grain-raising areas is considered, we may imagine what proportions our production and export of these necessities of life may assume before the century has closed.

OUR WILD WESTLAND.

POINTS ON THE PACIFIC PROVINCE.

(BY MRS. ARTHUR SPRAGGE.)

VI.

WOLF CREEK—KOOTENAY INDIANS—LAKE PASILQUA—MR. HUMPHREY'S RANCHE—INDIAN RACE COURSE—SIX MILE CREEK—SECOND CROSSING OF THE KOOTENAY—CRANBROOKE—DESTRUCTION OF COLONEL BAKER'S RESIDENCE IN 1889.

Leaving Sheep Creek early in the morning on the 4th September at noon, we came to a rapid stream called Wolf Creek, where a party of Indians, on their way to spear salmon in the Columbia, were encamped. During the morning we passed whole family parties riding along on their cayuses, sometimes a mother and three children inexplicably mounted on one small animal, which was further decorated with their household gods, while numerous colts and dogs followed in their train. They all looked happy and prosperous and greeted us with "Cla-how-gah?" their equivalent for "How do you do?" Some of the Indians near the spot where we watered our horses were playing cards with a remarkably greasy, dirty pack; they were gambling for tobacco. It is curious how the red man copies and exaggerates the vices of civilization. All Indians are inveterate gamblers. Our attendant Baptiste, during his expedition to Cranbrooke, won seven horses in the notorious game of Seven-up. Not content with these ill-gotten gains, however, he desired to increase his stud and in the effort lost them all, and his handsome Mexican saddle into the bargain, returning with us in sorry plight a sadder and wiser Indian than when he left the Columbia Valley.

We left the main trail at Wolf Creek and entered upon the newly prospected government waggon road, which traverses a beautifully wooded park-like country some miles from the river. The September sun was so particularly warm and penetrating that we were duly grateful for the cool shade afforded by the magnificent evergreens beneath which we rode all the afternoon. At five o'clock

we turned off the Government road for the benefit of a particular camping ground, of which we had heard great things, as being a most attractive and beautiful spot practically unknown to ordinary travellers through the district, and being on the shore of a lake not located at that time upon any provincial map.

It certainly far surpassed my most sanguine expectations. After an abrupt descent from the woods, and a short canter across an open grassy plateau, a sudden break in a belt of forest trees revealed a lovely little lake lying immediately at the base of the Rocky Mountains, which rose in woods and crags from its surface, and were tinted every shade of purple, blue, amber, and gold by the rays of the setting sun, each line of colour, together with every stick and stone on the surrounding banks being faithfully reproduced in the calm, deep water as clearly as in the most perfect mirror. The land on the opposite side to that by which we approached was in deep shadow and sloped down to the lake in a succession of bold promontories, each clearly outlined in sombre tones, contrasting curiously with the gorgeous coloring of that portion still illuminated by the sun. The effect of the light and shade mingling thus in the centre of the sheet of water gave a curious impression of mirage. This lake is called by the Indians Pasilqua, a name which has to my ear a soft, suggestive sound that is singularly appropriate. It seemed about five miles long, varying in width, the lower end, opposite to which we pitched our tents on a high grass bluff, being entirely concealed from view by the farthest headland which hid the sweep of its glistening waters, while a distant golden mountain formed the background of the picture, on which nature at that hour seemed to have exhausted her palette. With the soft evening lights of a perfectly cloudless sky, without a sound in the air above or on the earth beneath, the scene as we drew rein and gazed would alone have repaid the most arduous journey.

The next morning we resumed our journey and returning to the ordinary trail by the Government road, over which we had come, we inspected the ranche near Wolfe Creek of Mr. Humphreys, a wealthy Englishman, who, after visiting Australia, India, and various other parts of the globe, elected to settle in British Columbia. He bought 960 acres of land originally, to which he has added greatly since. Upon it are some excellent log buildings, a new house, and the finest corrals in the country; they are all charmingly situated on high ground, rising gently from Wolf Creek (which, by the way, contains large quantities of trout), and command a lovely view of the broken range of the Rockies on the east. We declined all offers of hospitality, the master of the house being absent, and rode on two miles further, stopping to dine by the shores of a woodland lake. Grassy slopes and glades opened out of the heart of the forest down to its very waters, which were covered in the shallows by beds of reeds and rushes, offering a good cover for numbers of wild duck, and a brace of these, by a good deal of manoeuvring, my husband succeeded in obtaining for our mid-day meal.

We were in our saddles and off again before three o'clock, and rode for miles during the afternoon through the same wooded park country I have described, following the course of the Kootenay, which came occasionally into view. We passed, on our way, close to a long, winding inlet from the river, set in a background of dark trees and hills, reminding me of many pictures of the English lake country; indeed, the beautifully cultivated aspect of this valley, with its boundless meadows of native grass, impresses the mind with an idea of civilization and settlement, yielding only to the absence of horses and human beings. We gradually descended, towards evening, from high ground, and entered upon a broad bit of prairie, rejoicing in the name of Burner's Flats, extending between the river and the wooded land above. They are used by the Indians as a racecourse, and their level surface of wild grass is one that every devotee of the turf might envy them. We made the best of time over it for a distance of two miles, when the trail led us again on to high ground, and we pitched our tent, for the sixth and last night under canvas, by a small stream, embowered in trees and known

as Six Mile Creek. We found the Rocky Mountains close to us once more, and I much enjoyed gazing again up into their purple depths. The evening was clear and not unpleasantly cool, and the forest dell where we camped, with its mountain foreground and the silver crescent of the new moon rising behind us among fine trees, seemed a typical sylvan retreat worthy of "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Our camping ground proved so seductive that we overslept ourselves, and it was eight o'clock before a start was effected. Once in the saddle, we continued our way over the high grass benches, amid which we had found a resting-place the previous night, following the course of the river farther and farther up the beautiful Kootenay valley. A cold wind blew down upon us from the Rockies, near which we rode, making the temperature anything but agreeable for early September, especially as the sun was concealed behind heavy gray clouds, while masses of mist rolled along the sides of the range and threatened every moment to envelope us in a downpour of rain. We caught occasional glimpses of the Kootenay winding far below us through its yellow hay marshes and broad flats, similar in character to the one we had traversed previously. At noon we reached the second crossing of the river. Here the ferryman has a picturesque log house, charmingly situated on a cliff high above the water, commanding a most extensive view of the country we had just ridden through, as well as that upon which we were about to turn our backs. We dismounted and descended on foot the steep gravel road leading down to the Kootenay, which we crossed, animals and riders, in a large flat-bottomed scow, propelled by the force of the current and worked with pulleys upon a heavy rope stretched, in primitive fashion, from a tree on one bank to another on the opposite side, the river here being only some hundred feet wide at low water. Mounting again, we left the Kootenay behind us and rode on through a wooded bottom of young poplars, where some grouse got up under our horses' feet, but escaped immediately into the thick cover. We soon reached the end of the flat and ascended a high belt into park country beyond. A gallop over this brought us to one of a chain of small lakes, covered with wild fowl, where we stopped to dine, and were *en route* again by three o'clock. We had not gone far before the threatening clouds of mist that had hung over us all the morning descended in a solid, penetrating rain. After cantering for a mile, enveloped in mackintoshes, Colonel Baker's ranche came suddenly into view and was hailed with delight. It consisted of a number of detached buildings, situated on a slope rising gently from the broad plain below known as Joseph's Prairie, which stretches away to some wooded grass benches, and is bounded in the gray distance by the main range of the Rocky Mountains, rising in serrated peaks upon the horizon. The dwelling-house proper was burned to the ground during Col. Baker's absence in Victoria in January last, 1889, on which occasion Mrs. Baker narrowly escaped with her life, and both she and her husband lost many valuables which can never be replaced, as well as their personal effects, books, papers, saddles, gems, etc. Being so far from civilization, their losses were all the more trying from the time it took, in the depth of winter, to supply them.

The strong and the weak alike wither at the touch of fate.

Plough deep, while sluggards sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell and to keep.

The man who has begun to live more seriously within begins to live more simply without.

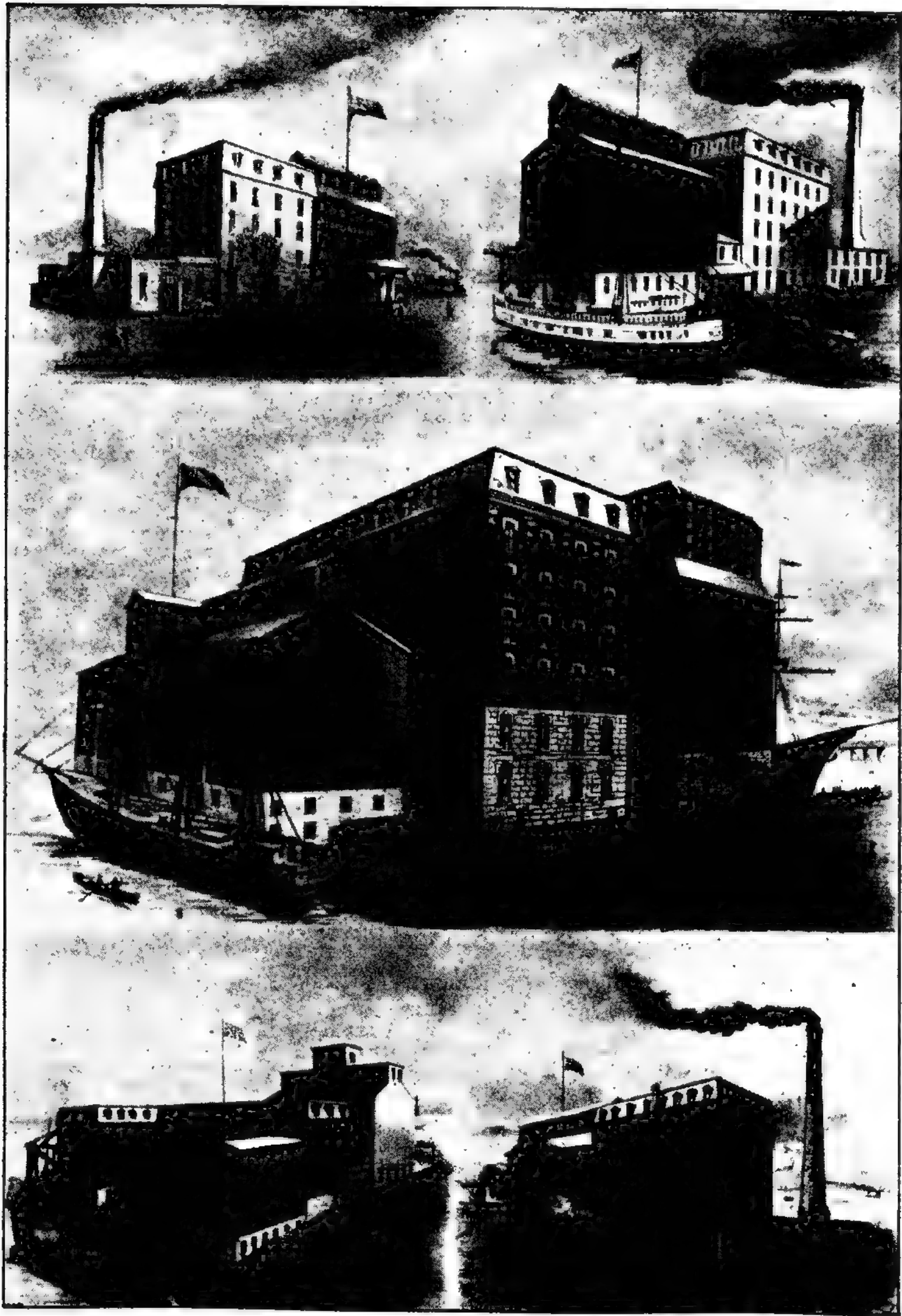
Once having determined in your conscience that you are sailing under the right colours, nail them to the mast.

Three things are known only in the following way: A hero in war, a friend in necessity, and a wise man in anger.

Much of worldliness consists in mutual and moral atmosphere; and the beauty of Divine things, bringing with them their own especial joy, surrounds us with a supernatural atmosphere, which assimilates our inward life to itself after a time.

To live well in the quiet routine of life, to fill a little space because God wills it, to go on cheerfully with a petty round of little duties, little avocations; to smile for the joys of others when the heart is aching . . . who does this, his works will follow him. He may not be a hero, but he is one of God's heroes.

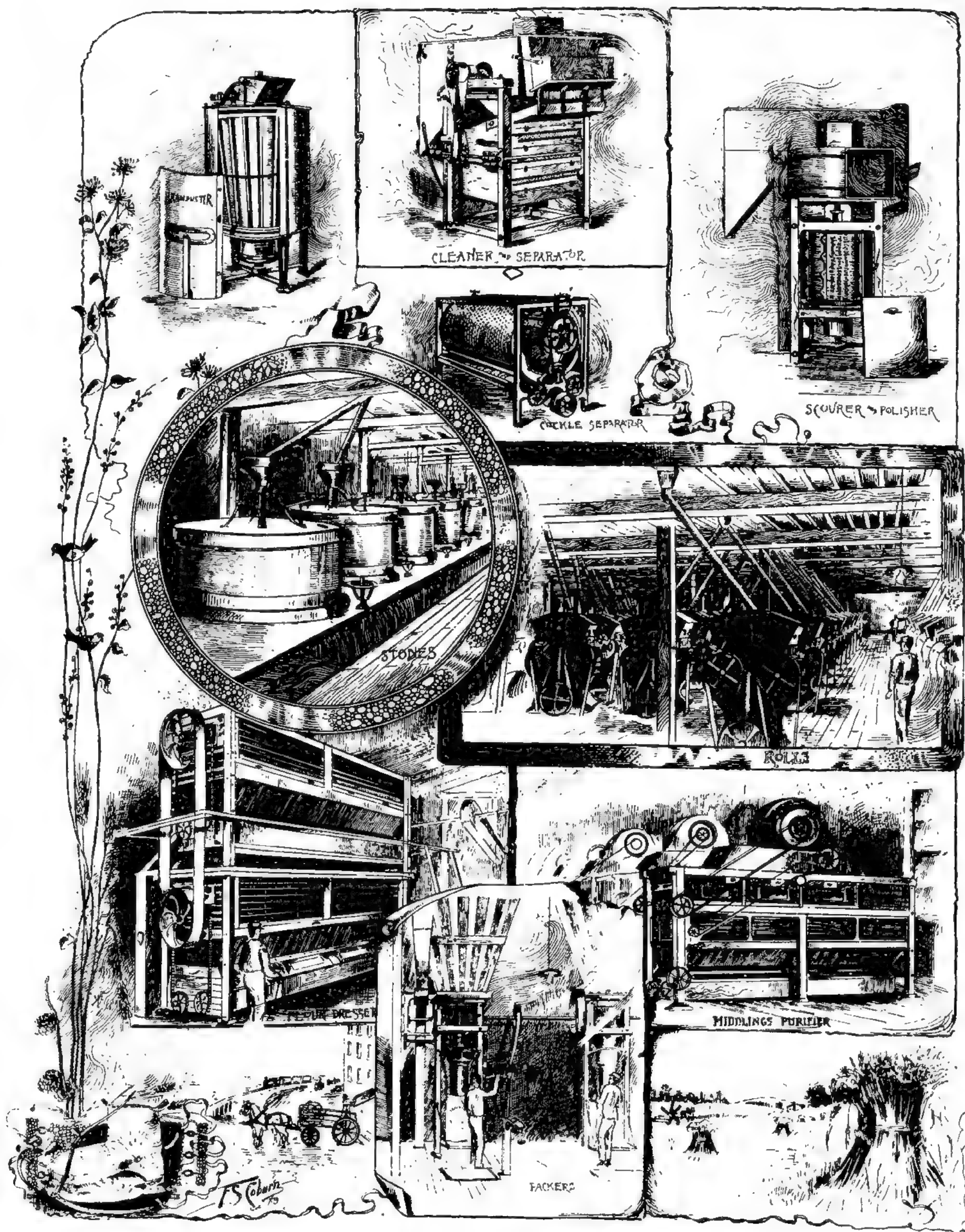
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SKETCHES IN OGILVIE & CO.'S "ROYAL" MILLS, MONTREAL.



LIFE LADIES OF THE REFORM PARTY.—The Saturday evening receptions, or "conversations," given by Madame Laurier and Mrs. Mackenzie during the past two sessions of the Dominion Parliament, have been among the most enjoyable of the social gatherings of Canada's capital. These receptions are held at the Grand Union Hotel, where Hon. Alexander Mackenzie makes his home during the session. Madame Laurier, the wife of the eloquent leader of Her Majesty's Opposition, is a charming hostess. An excellent musician, clever, witty and vivacious in conversation, and thoroughly well informed, she makes friends of all who frequent her society, and will render valuable assistance to her husband should he ever be called upon to fill the position of Premier of the Dominion. Mrs. Mackenzie, the wife of the ex-Premier, is a fine motherly lady, charming in her manner and conversation, thoroughly democratic in her ideas, and devoted to her husband. She is exceedingly popular, both with political friends and opponents. Her greeting is always warm, and her guests are never neglected. At their receptions Madame Laurier and Mrs. Mackenzie are usually assisted in entertaining their visitors by Mrs. Dr. Wilson, wife of the member for East Elgin; Mrs. Jones, wife of Hon. A. G. Jones, M.P. for Halifax; Mrs. Innes, wife of the member for South Wellington; Mrs. Davies, wife of Mr. L. H. Davies, M.P. for Queens, P. E. Island; Mrs. George E. Casey, Mrs. Dr. Platt, Mrs. Lewin, of St. John; Mrs. Senator Grant, Mrs. and the Misses Scott, of Ottawa, wife and daughters of Senator Scott; and other prominent ladies in sympathy with the Liberal party. The reunions, at which the regular visitor will meet all the principal Liberal public men, Dominion and Provincial, are always pleasant and enjoyable. The photograph, reproduced in this issue of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, is one of a group of Reform ladies, in which the five eastern provinces are represented—Ontario, by Mrs. Mackenzie and Mrs. Wilson; Quebec, by Madame Laurier; Nova Scotia, by Mrs. A. G. Jones; New Brunswick, by Mrs. Lewin; and Prince Edward Island, by Mrs. Davies.

ST. RAYMOND.—In this number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED appear two views of St. Raymond, the prettiest, as well as the most populous, village between Quebec and Lake St. John, on the line of the railway. St. Raymond is 36 miles from Quebec, and nestles in a pretty hollow in the valley of the St. Anne River, hemmed in on almost every side by mountains. It is one of the surprises of a trip over the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, the train suddenly emerging from a dense bush upon the summit of a steep grade immediately overlooking the white-washed houses of the busy little place. There are a number of comfortable country hotels in St. Raymond, which is becoming quite popular as a summer resort. It is conveniently situated for people doing business in Quebec, two regular trains daily and frequent excursion trains running between it and the city. Within easy driving distance from St. Raymond are found trout lakes and the far-famed fishing grounds of the Little Saguenay, to which guides can always be had in the village with comfortable buckboards. Beautiful spots for picnics abound beneath the groves that fringe the river a little beyond the village. The population of St. Raymond is about 1,600. It contains fully twenty stores, besides old established grist, saw and carding mills. A brickyard is now in operation here, and Mr. T. L. Jackson, of Montreal, has lately erected extensive pulp and paper mills. The view showing the St. Anne River in the foreground is from a photograph taken from Coqueron Hill, at the west end of the village. The other shows the village as seen from Cote Joyeuse, with the railway track running through the thin bush in the immediate foreground. One of the quaintest features of the place is to be found in the burying-ground surrounding the parish church, where the photographs or tin type portraits of those who lie interred below are employed to embellish the memorial slabs erected to their memory.

MR. WILLIAM W. OGILVIE, MONTREAL.—Mr. William W. Ogilvie's grandfather came to Canada from Scotland in 1801, and immediately, with his son, became interested in milling and agriculture, purchasing some of the finest farms in the district of Montreal, one of them being that part of the city of Montreal known as Point St. Charles, and started the Jacques Cartier Mill near Quebec, which was the first mill in Canada to export flour to Europe. They were also interested in the mill at Lachine Rapids; the wheat at that time was bought from the farmers on the Market Place, now Custom House Square, carted to the mill and the flour carted back to the city. In the same year, 1801, they built the first large bakery erected in Montreal, on the site now occupied by the Balmoral Hotel. The deed describes the property as being on "the King's highway, leading to Lachine, near Montreal." In 1852 Mr. Ogilvie and his brothers built the Glenora Mill on the Lachine Canal; after that the Goderich, Seaforth and Winnipeg mills, and recently the Royal Mill in Montreal. His brands of flour are standards from Halifax to Vancouver, also in Europe and Japan. His elder brother, Senator Ogilvie, retired from the business fifteen years ago, his brother John died last year, leaving him the entire business, which makes him the largest single-handed miller

in the world. Mr. Ogilvie has been President of the Corn Exchange, and for many years on the Council of the Board of Trade, was Vice-President in 1887, and then refused the Presidency in consequence of pressure of business.

THE ARRIVAL OF A GRAIN FLEET AT KINGSTON HARBOUR.—The fine picture, of which our engraving is a reproduction—and, we believe, a skilful one—has an economic as well as an artistic significance. It represents a familiar and most important phase in our industrial and commercial life. The vessels in the body of the picture are the ordinary craft that perform the service indicated in the title. They are of a class of naval architecture which will soon be of the past, as steam barges are gradually taking their place for the lake carrying trade. The small steamer in the middle is the harbour tug, Lily. In the back ground we catch a glimpse of Fort Frederick and Point Frederick (rounding which may be seen the Montreal Transportation Company's river tug, David G. Thompson, returning from Montreal with a tow of light barges), the Royal Military College and Fort Henry. The wind is in the south-west, and the vessel in the foreground is hauling down her head sails, in order to "round to" and let go her anchors, while those in the middle distance are bearing up for their respective berths. The land seen in the extreme distance is Long Island. Though old-fashioned and faulty from a trade standpoint, the vessels in the picture—typical of the best class of lake sailers, with their respective rigging—are much to be preferred for pictorial effect to the rival steam barge that is destined to supersede them. The picture, from a photograph of which our engraving is taken, was painted by Mr. M. Henderson, a young artist of decided promise. A technical critique of his work, which appeared in the Kingston *Whig*, gives him credit for a high standard of artistic conception, and for considerable skill in manipulation. Among the points of merit to which the critic, Mr. E. G. Colebrooke Harvey, especially calls attention, are observance of Ruskin's law of continuity in the lines—as seen in the drawing of hulls, sails, clouds, etc.; the nautical accuracy attained in the arrangement of the vessels; the happy distribution of light and shade; and the meaning which the artist has imparted to the canvass as a whole. Besides its economic value, and its artistic merits, the picture is sure to have an historic interest for Canadians. Therein, as Mr. Harvey observes, future generations of Kingstonians will be able to see what manner of craft their forefathers chiefly employed in carrying on the commerce of the last half of the nineteenth century. The artist, of whom and of his work our readers may expect to hear again, is Mr. M. Henderson, of Kingston, a pupil of Prof. Forshaw Day, R.C.A., of the Royal Military College.

OLD FORT, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.—In the spring of 1605, De Monts and Champlain, with a certain number of men, entered the bay now called Annapolis and erected a few buildings on the north shore of the basin, opposite the island, situated at the mouth of Annapolis River. Lower Granville now covers the site of this first Acadian settlement. The settlement was called Port-Royal on account of the beauty of the scenery. The island in question became known first as Biencourtville, in honour of Poutrincourt, seigneur de Biencourt. Later on, the French styled it Ile aux Chèvres, or Goat Island. Annapolis River received, in 1605, the name of Rivière de l'Equille, because, says Champlain, it was swarming with small fish of that name, a variety about the size of the smelt. Some time after Champlain, the French used to call it by a corruption of sounds: Rivière aux Quilles, meaning the game of nine-pins. For a century the name of Rivière Dauphine prevailed amongst the Acadians, and then came the English, who called it Annapolis. On the map of Champlain, 1605, the buildings of Port Royal are delineated very plainly. We all know that Captain Argall destroyed that establishment in 1613. The French, under Biencourt, a son of Poutrincourt, continued to occupy the country, and although more frequently engaged in hunting than in other avocations, they were careful enough to cultivate the piece of land which had been ploughed by Louis Hébert in 1605. This land embraced the site of the present town of Annapolis Royal. Near by is the place chosen by the Scotch settlers of Sir William Alexander, who arrived there in 1623, but could not hold their ground against the French of Biencourt and Latour. During the summer of 1629 the Scotch came back and founded the *Scotch Fort*, where Annapolis is now. This colony was ruined by the war, and those who did not die of wounds or starvation, took refuge in Massachusetts, with the exception of two or three families, who remained amongst the French. In the early part of August, 1632, Razilly occupied the *Scotch Fort*, in accordance with the recent treaty of peace. The French gathered very soon on that spot, thus abandoning old Port Royal (Granville now-a-days) and forming another one of the same designation upon the new site. As for the ruins of the *Scotch Fort*, they were still visible in the early years of the present century. La Hève was considered by Razilly as the headquarters of his colony in Acadia. D'Aulnay de Charnisay, who succeeded him after his death, transferred the population of La Hève to Port Royal, between the years 1636 and 1640. From that date till 1650 the latter place was really "booming." Then followed those celebrated wars, during which Port Royal was besieged five or six times within a period of sixty years. On the 16th October, 1710, Captain Subercase surrendered the place to Admiral Nicholson, and since that event the country has remained in the hands of the English. Queen Anne was then on the throne. In 1713 she signed a treaty of peace with the King of France (Louis XIV.) by which the conquest of Acadia was confirmed. Next year Her Majesty died; the year after Louis XIV. followed the

example. Now, who built the stone fortifications shown in our engravings—the French King or the British Queen? I have found no trace of such masonry during the "Port Royal period." Wooden defences are frequently described, and are the only ones then mentioned so far as I am aware. As soon as the conquest became an accepted fact, the old bulwark of Acadia received the name of *Annapolis*—the city of Ann, in honour of the Queen. Are we to believe that the walls referred to were constructed immediately after the signature of the treaty of peace and within the few months which elapsed before the death of that sovereign? Not necessarily. The adoption of the name of Annapolis was sufficient to mark the change of supremacy which occurred, as already stated, but the stone-works may have been erected just as well during the following years, when, as we all know, the doubtful attitude of the "French neutrals," or the Acadians proper, put the vigilance of the British authorities to a constant strain.—B.S.

NEW RIVER STEAMER AT NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Notman of one of the fine new steamers that have recently been put on the British Columbia River service. It is of a type particularly well adapted to the purpose which it is intended to serve, and in lines and build is as handsome as craft of this kind can be made. In equipment and arrangement these British Columbia River steamers compare favorably with the best of their class in either the United States or Canada.

LA MODE.—The lovely early summer costumes, of which we present our fair readers with some choice examples, seem to combine what is most charming in the elegant toilettes of the eighteenth century with fabrics, inventions and modifications of our own age. Much taste has of late been expended on morning costumes, of which there are varieties for every imaginable occasion. Stature, complexion, figure, age, must all be considered in harmonizing styles and persons. Simplicity is aimed at in conjunction with elegance and grace. Silks that gleam like all kinds of precious stones, crêpe de Chine, Indian gauze and other textures uniting lightness and suppleness with richness of tone, are largely in vogue for dresses. The wide-brimmed *chapeaux Directoire* (a name which some French ladies do not relish) are much and deservedly admired. White crêpe is used for parasols. In collars simplicity prevails, though fancy has scope in a considerable variety of bracelets. In the way of mantles, the instance in one of our engravings gives an idea of the favourite styles. The skill of the Parisian *modiste* is well exemplified in these reproductions from *L'Illustration*.

THE SONNET.

The sonnet first bloomed under Italian skies and was warmed into excellence by the divine breath of Petrarch, whom Chaucer, "the morning star of English literature," in all probability visited at Padua. Strange that while such master minds as Dante, Petrarch and Tasso in Italy, and Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth in England, have expressed the rich thoughts of their minds in this form of verse, the early character of the sonnet was held in a certain degree of contempt within the very home of its origin. Perhaps this was and is owing to the fact that trivial themes are generally chosen as the subjects of the sonnets. Shakespeare in "As You Like It," gives us the office of the sonnet, where he tells of the young man inditing sonnets to the fair eyebrows of his lady, and where Orlando is charged "to hang no more sonnets on hawthorns nor elegies on brambles. To show the wonderful power of scorn and depreciation which the Italian language possesses, it may be interesting to add that there are no less than seven words in Italian—derivatives to express the various shades of contempt which weak, worthless sonnets call out. Yet we should not forget, as I have stated before, that many of our greatest poets have made it the medium of their expression and found in it "the casket in which they were pleased to treasure some of the very best which they had." In behalf of the sonnet I therefore plead the following lines:

"Scorn not the sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours. With this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
Camões soothed with it an exile's grief;
The sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp,
It cheer'd mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!"

I suppose the Earl of Surrey may be looked upon as the first to give the sonnet a home in England. It has been kindly nurtured through the literary periods and centuries by Sir Philip Sydney,

Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth and Cowper. Indeed the "myriad-minded" bard of Avon, whose modesty is a characteristic of his dramatic muse, expresses belief in his immortality through the medium of a sonnet. I think evidence of the consciousness of his future's "ever widening avenues of fame" can be distinctly traced in the following:

"Shall I compare thee to a summer day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;
Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven doth shine,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometimes declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest;—
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee!"

In the sonnets of Milton there is stateliness, in Petrarch's grace and finish, in Shakespeare's passion, in Wordsworth's depth and delicacy, in Cowper's an exquisitely pathetic tenderness. How beautifully the poet of "The Task" records his gratitude to his lifelong friend, Mrs. Unwin, in the following lines:

"Mary! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from heaven as some have feigned they drew,
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
And undebased by praise of meaner things;
That ere, through age or woe, I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth with honour due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
And that immortalizes whom it sings.
But thou hast little need. There is a book
Of seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look;
A chronicle of actions just and bright:
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine—
And since thou own'st that praise I spare thee mine."

If I were asked which of the English poets has written the best sonnets, I would unquestionably answer Wordsworth. In this department of verse he stands without a rival. Wordsworth's peculiar gifts of mind pre-eminently fitted him for the writing of sonnets. The following sonnet by Wordsworth I consider one of the finest in the English language. It is entitled "The world is too much with us:"

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

Among American poets Longfellow has given us some very graceful sonnets. Here is something of great delicacy and finish:

"As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which though more splendid, may not please him more;
So Nature deals with us and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know."

Maurice J. Egan, late editor of the New York *Freeman's Journal*, and at present Professor of English literature in Notre Dame University, Indiana, has some very pretty sonnets in his little volume entitled "Preludes." The opening sonnet "Of Flowers" I think his best:

"There were no roses till the first child died,
No violets, nor balmy-breathed heart's ease,
No heliotrope, nor buds so dear to bees,
The honey-hearted suckle, no gold-eyed
And lowly dandelion, nor stretching wide
Clover and cowslip cups like rival seas,
Meeting and parting as the young spring breeze
Runs giddy races playing seek and hide;
For all flowers died when Eve left Paradise,

And all the world was flowerless awhile,
Until a little child was laid in earth;
Then from its grave grew violets for its eyes,
And from its lips rose-petals for its smile,
And so all flowers from that child's death took birth."

Canadian poets have also contributed pearls to the literary necklace of sonnets. Indeed I am not quite sure if John Reade of Montreal has a superior in America as a writer of sonnets, while our Canadian Keats, Charles G. D. Roberts, of Windsor, Nova Scotia, has also done some excellent work in this department of verse. A sonnet by the latter entitled "To Fredericton in May time" I consider a gem. My last sonnet is from Reade, whose muse is true and whose poems have a classical finish all their own:

"She touched me in my sorrow: I awoke;
Her kind hands broke the fetters of my grief;
The light of smiles shone round me as she spoke:
'I come, my friend, to bring thee sweet relief.
Of those that minister, I am the chief,
To man's sick heart; I made the tears of Eve
Bright with the hues of Heaven, when loth to leave
The joys her disobedience made so brief.
I sailed with Noah o'er the buried earth,
I sat with Hagar by the new-found well,
I solaced Joseph in his lonely cell,
I filled sad David's soul with songs of mirth.'
Much more she whispered till my heart grew bright
And sorrow vanished, as at dawn, the night."

As we read the above sonnet we feel its subject in our heart, lifting the drooping spirit, healing the deep-set wound, assuaging each heavy grief through the blessed sunshine of "Hope."

Walkerton, Ont.

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

TECHENER OF PARIS.

THE BIBLIOPHILE.

When Léon Techener was thirteen he could compile a catalogue; at fifteen he was a bibliographer. The faculty came to him naturally, with the ambient air, in the drawing-room of his father's bookshop, where every afternoon Armand Bertin, editor of the *Journal des Débats*; Charles Nodier, Librarian of the Arsenal; Sylvestre de Sacy, of the Mazarine, Paulin Paris, Leroux de Liney, Baron Pichon, Francisque Michel and Brunet met to talk of literature and bibliomania.

After the death of his father there was no book-seller in all Paris like Techener. Every day at the hour when Aurora, in her fur-lined satin gown, unlocks the covercles of the book stalls on the quays, the *bouquinistes* lifted their hats at his expected apparition. He was their best customer. When they had pleased Techener it was luck for the entire day, but it was not ill-luck to displease him; he was so affable that nothing but good could be attributed to his coming. When, after a quarter of a century of regularity, he failed an hour, then two, then a day, and finally ceased to come, they learned from the whispered gossip which in Paris is never printed in the newspapers that Techener had been sent to an insane asylum, a "house of health," as they say. To them he had been generous, to his family a miser. He had a fortune in books, the legacy of his father; the dowry of his wife; the entire sum that Libri, "the Italianissimo," had paid in a strange humour for 3,800 volumes, appraised, packed, and delivered in an evening, invested in a library of Rotterdam; the proceeds of the "Bulletin Bibliophile," treasured in the form of books, once sold and jealously bought back at the Yéméniz auction sale; and his family wanted bread. Mme. Techener had been heroic, but her friends had intervened, and this was the end of her martyrdom. Lately the great bibliophyte died and his books are going to the Hôtel Drouot by periodical instalments.

They have in Italy the legend of Demetrio Canevari, physician of Pope Urban VIII., who painted his skin black wherever it could show through his worn-out clothing, that the money which thread to mend it would cost might be saved for the making of his magnificent books, in bindings stamped with a Greek device and Apollo in his solar chariot, that are now valued at their weight in gold.

They have in Spain the legend of the monk Vincente of Arragon, who killed the purchaser of his favorite book to regain it, and never gave a sign of repentance at his trial until it was shown by his

lawyer, to his great surprise, that his favorite book was not a unique copy. Canevari was a bachelor and Vincente a monk, but Techener was a man of family. Whenever they do anything in France they do it thoroughly.

The "Catalogue des Livres Précieux Manuscrits et Imprimés" of Techener's library, what was sold in Paris on the 20th and 21st of May, comes with charming naturalness, unaided by an expert's recapitulation or a literarian's presentation. It seems to say that it addresses itself only to those who know and have not to learn their alphabet of book collecting. The notes are brief and only notes that are indispensable; the plates of the most important bindings are printed separately on special paper; there are 222 entries, with full, clear descriptions, and they make an octavo volume of ninety-eight pages. There is a familiar, pleasant, engaging air about it. The book-lover feels that he need not trouble himself with an investigation, that the statements made are true, that there are no phrases composed to say more or less than it may be prudent to mean; it is the catalogue of a book-lover's auction sale at the Hôtel Drouot.

It forms a complete library, classified classically into theology, jurisprudence, sciences and arts, fine arts, belles lettres, history. It contains the Christe Maroelli exercises on vellum, the presentation copy to Pope Adrian VI.; the identical Speculum Humane Salvationis that Guichard described, bound by Trantz-Bauzonnet; a missal of the first half of the fourteenth century, from the A. Firmin-Didot collection; the manuscript decrees of the Council of Trent in the calligraphy of Angelo Massarello, Secretary to the Council, presented to Henry II., King of France, and covered with a green morocco binding in compartments, drawn and engraved by Jules Jacquemart for the "Histoire de la Bibliophilie" of the elder Techener; "Le Livre des Saints-Ange," the first book printed in Geneva, bound by Chambolle-Durn; the "Provinciales," original edition bound by Trantz-Bauzonnet, and coming from the collection of Hte. Basse, who was authoritative on all that regarded Pascal.

It contains the Jensen, 1472, "Cicero—Tusculanæ Quæstiones;" Jean Fernel's "Ambiani Medicina," in a binding with the arms of Charles de Lorraine, the celebrated Cardinal de Guise; Nicole de la Chesnaye's "La Nef de Santé;" J. Auguste de Thou's copy, with his first arms, of "La Démonomanie des Sorciers;" Count Sauvage's copy of that parvenu, "Le Pastissier François," a cook book, but an Elzevir, and of the scarcest.

It offers the twenty-six water colours on vellum made by Jules Jacquemart for his work on the artistic history of porcelain; Albert Durer's "Passio Christi;" the Beckford copy of "Les Plaisirs de l'Isle Enchantée" without remarking that it contains the original edition of Molière's "Princesse d'Elide," that Moliéristes may have a reward for their faithful research and not be distanced by book-lovers who want Molière, but have not been at the pains of Californian Argonauts.

There are two copies of Aldus's Joannis Joviani Pontani Opera, one of 1505 bound for François I., and formerly owned by Lord Gosford, and the other of 1518 bound for Groller and bearing his name and device; Marot, Martin Franc, François Villon, the charming Galliot du Pré Villon, bound by Joly, Coquillart, Octavien de Saint Gelaiz, Gringoire, Pernette du Guillot, Louze Labé, Desportes, in their first editions in fine bindings, and first editions of Corneille from the Firmin Didot sale, including one of the twenty copies of Rodogune printed by Mme. de Pompadour; Ballets of Quinault and Lully, Romances of Chivalry; Verard's second edition of Enguerrand de Monstrelet; one of the three copies known of L'Histoire et Chronique de Clotaire; an Aeliani de Varia Historia from the library of Marguerite de Valois; not a volume in the entire list that a book-lover should not wish to possess.

Justice is before pity. Let all mankind deal justly one with the other, and the facts that now call for our pity would gradually be diminished and finally disappear.

Free will is not the liberty to do whatever one likes, but the power of doing whatever one sees ought to be done, even in the very face of otherwise overwhelming impulse. There lies freedom indeed.



OLD MAGAZINE AND FORT, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S.

Boyd, photo



SALLYPORT OF THE OLD FORT, AT ANNAPOLIS.

Boyd, photo.



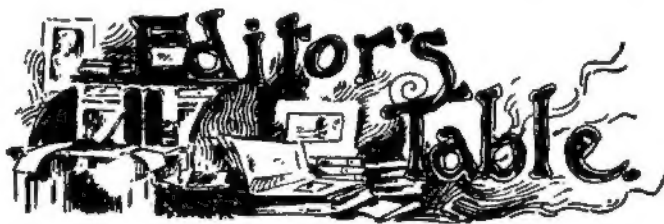
RIVER STEAMER AT NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.

Notman, photo.



PARIS FASHIONS.

From recent numbers of *L'Illustration*.



A work of no common interest and beauty is in preparation at the offices of the Dominion Illustrated Publishing Company. It bears a familiar title, "Idylls of the King," but it comes to us in a strange garb, being printed in shorthand. In conception and preparation, as in execution, it is Canadian, the text being the work of Mr. Arthur G. Doughty, the illustrations being contributed by Mr. Henry Sandham. It is not Mr. Doughty's first experiment of the kind, as he had already brought out "In Memoriam" in the same characters, and the goodwill with which his former volume was received encouraged him to undertake this second trial. We need scarcely say that it was a task of no slight difficulty and of extreme delicacy, requiring a thorough knowledge of the tachygraphic art and the utmost patience and painstaking at every stage of its progress. A difference of a hair's breadth in any of these graceful lines and curves would mar the sense, render nugatory the labour of months, and impair, if not destroy, the value of the volume.

But this volume has charms which are sure to extend its circulation beyond the pale of stenographic experts. The illustrations of Mr. Sandham are, in very truth, things of beauty. Some of our readers have, doubtless, seen the originals, which have been universally admired. The reproduction is excellent. The frontispiece is a picture of an incident in "Geraint and Enid":

"So Enid took his charger to the stall,"

the central incident in that wooing, so touching in its old-fashioned simplicity, half barbarous, half courtly. Enid wears the rustic dress of "faded silk," later to be her terror, and, still later, her pride,

"Remembering how first he came on her
Drest in that dress."

She looks what the poet has made her, the pick of maidens and wives, being not "the Fair" only but also "the Good." Face and figure, expression and attitude, as she leads along the richly caparisoned steed, are all in keeping with the sweetest character, the finest type of true womanhood, in all the "Idylls." Passing to the body of the book, we come to the scene from "The Coming of Arthur," where Guinevere is represented as standing by the castle wall, watching Arthur as he passes, a "a simple knight among his knights." The figure in this picture (which, in the order of the "Idylls," is the first of the series) admirably personates the lady who was to test sorely the spirit of her blameless lord. Tall, stately, in the full flower of winning womanhood, she stands at an embrasure of the battlement, gazing down. The attitude is natural, showing no intensity of feeling, but rather the simple curiosity of a noble and beautiful woman seeing men of noble mien bent on noble enterprise. In the next of the series Mr. Sandham shows to what purpose he has studied ancient armour. It represents the quarrel between Gareth and Kay, "the most ungentle knight in Arthur's hall."

The armour is of a comparatively late period—not earlier than the beginning of the fifteenth century. The full suit of armour was, indeed, unknown before the fourteenth century on the continent, where it was in use some time before being introduced into England. The poet and the artist are, of course, not strictly bound to dates, and Mr. Sandham, who had made special studies for these illustrations, used judgment in selecting the most picturesque styles, and his treatment of Kay's angry challenge and sudden attack is most effective.

The next in the list is a lovely illustration of a scene in the same idyll—the single-arched bridge at the bend of the river, where Gareth came in sight of the castle, with its purple dome and crimson banneret. It is one of the finest—to our taste, the finest—illustration in the book, and, if space permitted, we would like to say more about its merits. Lady Lyonors, at the window, "circled with her maids" (also from "Gareth and Lynette"), is of exceptional interest, the chief figure being, we believe, the portrait of a noble English lady of one of the oldest (Welsh) border families. Framed by the open lattice, Lyonors and her attendant damsels, *inter ignes Luna minores*, form a rare group of English beauty. Of the two illustrations which complete the series, the next is a scene from "Geraint and Enid":

"And thither came Geraint, and underneath
Beheld the long street of a little town
In a long valley, on one side whereof
White from the Mason's hand a fortress rose:
And on one side a castle in decay,
Beyond a bridge that spanned a dry ravine."

Following it in the order of the poems is the picture of Enid taking to the stall the charger of her future husband, of which, as forming the frontispiece, mention has already been made. Lastly is a scene from "Merlin and Vivien":

"She took the helm and he the sail."

This picture brings out very effectively the contrast between the wise man in his hour of folly and the handsome, bold, unscrupulous woman in her hour of sway. The Merlin is a grand old fellow, and our sympathies are with "the gentle wizard" as he goes, all unconscious, to his doom, in the toils of the saucy witch behind him. These

illustrations are really worthy of careful and loving study, and we congratulate Mr. Sandham on this new triumph. They add greatly to the value of Mr. Doughty's book which, for them and for its other merits, we have pleasure in recommending to our readers.

Mr. William Sharp is no stranger to the readers of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. We have had frequent occasion to mention his literary work and its high repute in connection with the publications of Mr. Walter Scott, of London. The admirable series, already famous in America as in England, under the name of "The Canterbury Poets," and which we have justly qualified as a marvel of cheapness, has had the advantage of his editorial supervision, while some of the most noteworthy volumes of the series have been prepared for the press by his own hand. Among these latter are "Songs, Poems and Sonnets of Shakespeare," "Sonnets of this Century," and "American Sonnets." The "Life of Shelley" and the "Life of Heine," in the "Great Writers" series of the same publisher are also from Mr. Sharp's pen. The best tribute to the memory of D. G. Rossetti is also the product of his critical insight and poetical sympathy. Every one of these works has won deserved praise from the literary authorities of both the old world and the new. Mr. Sharp has besides published several volumes of his own poetry—"The Human Inheritance and other Poems" (now out of print), "Earth's Voices: Transcripts from Nature," and "Romantic Ballads and Poems of Phantasy." We hope ere long to have an opportunity of saying something about Mr. Sharp's poetic genius. Meanwhile, we have just had the pleasure of reading his remarkable romance, "Children of To-morrow." It is one of those happy books, the love of which (to adopt a familiar French proverb) grows as one reads. It depicts the wild unrest, the vague yearning, the spiritual torture of an age of awakening and transition. We no sooner become acquainted with hero and heroine than we feel that we are breathing an atmosphere that is quick with unseen agencies of doom. The rapture for which the artist pines can only be won by the defiance of a marshalled and vigilant Philistia that never forgives. Right or wrong, its laws are not transgressed with impunity. But Mr. Sharp avoids moralizing as the foe of art. His romance has the sequence and consistency of a Greek drama, and it could easily be adapted to the stage. The bolt falls just at the right moment for tragic effect. There are many passages that we would gladly quote—passages that reveal a power of the keys of passion to which only the lover who is also a true poet can lay claim. For the present, however, we must say *au revoir* to this fascinating book. The publishers are Messrs. Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly, London.

More than a year ago Prof. Schurman, of Cornell University, whom we have the honour of claiming, as a fellow-countryman, delivered an address on Founders Day in that seat of learning, which has since been published in pamphlet form, under the title of "A People's University." As we intend to lay its chief points before our readers at an early day, we will content ourselves just now with acknowledging its receipt.

From the press of the same great institution there has just been issued a thesis presented by Miss Eliza Ritchie for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. It is entitled "The Problem of Personality" and is a treatise of no common import and grasp. Like the late George Henry Lewes, Miss Ritchie begins with the recognition that philosophy has fallen into discredit, but, unlike him, she thinks that those who sit in the seat of the scorners are unjust. She has faith in philosophic method and sees no reason why philosophic may not be as fruitful as scientific research. At the same time she gives, in every page, full weight to results of recent scientific investigation. Having stated the problem and discussed the relations between mind and body, Miss Ritchie concludes that self-consciousness is a necessary element in the concept of personality, that in its simplest form, appearing at some stage of organism lower than that of man, it depends on memory, but grows in clearness till it reaches the point at which it is identified with insight into the powers of the self. In the chapter on "Personality as individual character," the essayist touches on the question of fate and free-will (in connection with heredity and environment) and shows how one is compatible with the other. In treating of the "Personality of God," in the closing chapter, she brings out the ultimate agreement between the highest judgment of science (generously understood) and faith in the divine omnipotence. This notice is necessarily inadequate. Such lofty themes are more likely to be darkened than elucidated by hasty criticism.

Brevis esse laboro
Obscurus fio.

Enough has been said, however, to show that Miss Ritchie's paper will repay careful study.

The law regarding rights in titles of books is not, says the *Literary World*, satisfactory or as clear as it might be. Although there is no copyright in titles, it is open to the author of a twopenny pamphlet of very limited circulation and of no literary value to apply for an injunction against the publication of a work that has cost its publisher hundreds of pounds to produce, on the ground of infringement of trade mark. The opportunity thus afforded of levying blackmail is not neglected, as we have reason to know. But it is hopeless to expect a remedy from Parliament.

OUR GARDEN TALK.

BLUE FLOWERS.

"Give me blue flowers
To grace my bowers,
The perfect colour, heaven's own blue."

We have every shade of colour in our gardens, but very little blue. The thought seems to be that this colour will not harmonize with others, and yet nothing could be more harmonious than a few sprays of delicate blue flowers with phacelia rosebuds, and phacelia congesta with pink verbenas is another charming combination. What is more pleasing than to find in one of our rambles the blue hepaticas pushing themselves above the brown leaves which have been their protection through the winter?

The violet brings fresh charms each time of its awakening. In this era of court mourning they are extensively used for robe, dress and dinner ornamentation. At a banquet given to the Prince of Wales at Nice, all the covers and glassware were placed upon beds or between lines of violets. A bunch of rare old English violets will keep its perfume long after they are withered. A Parisian florist says that the violet will not bear the association of any other flower. Hence the bunches are tied up loosely with their own leaves, and carts are seen well laden upon almost any street corner where flower lovers are wont to pass.

The many varieties of speedwell deserve notice, "The little fairy speedwell, with its many eyes of blue."

Then the lobelias, some of which are of an intense blue. They make a pretty show in our gardens, where they are not so well known as they deserve to be. The dwarf varieties are very serviceable for edgings or for ribbon beds.

The fringed gentian begins to unfold itself during the latter part of September, and may again be found after the November frosts have touched other things. *Salvia patens*, besides being cultivated out of doors, may be potted in the fall and be a thing of beauty in our rooms all winter. The *ageratums*, also, meet with these requirements, as does *browallia*, whose flowers are a deeper, darker blue. *Phacelia congesta* is one of those delicate flowers which one learns to love. It is an early bloomer and, continuing until the latter part of October, is very desirable for cutting as well as in the garden, as we are always sure of finding it when wanted, and it harmonizes so well with many other colours. *Vick's Monthly*.

A GOOSE KEEPS GUARD FOR A COW.

The following incident came under my observation while spending a few days in Seymour, Ind., last October. In that city, like most of the Western towns, the hogs and cattle run at large through the streets. One noon, as I was leaving the house with my friend, he called my attention to a cow and a goose near the cow. A quantity of refuse from the kitchen had been thrown into the gutter, which the cow seemed to eat with a relish, and close by the side of her stood a large gray goose, as it seemed to me, doing guard duty for the cow. While this cow was eating, three or four other cows came up from behind, but the goose would not allow them to come near her cow, but drove them away as they approached. This is not all about this goose. I was told by my friend that about two years before she went with this cow she attended another cow. Her first pet died. The goose left her former home after that and attached herself to this cow, which belonged to a family living some distance away. I saw her, on two or three different days after this incident occurred, by the side of the cow, and so fearful that some one might injure her or her mate that she would attempt to follow you with such demonstrations as only geese can make—*Cincinnati Inquirer*.

If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing. When the well is dry we know the want of water.

Industry makes a man a purse and carefulness gives him strings to it. He that has it need only draw the strings as carefulness directs, and he will always find a useful penny at the bottom of it.

OUR HOMES

BABIES CRY FOR WATER and are crammed to repletion with milk instead, and cry the more, for which they get paregoric, nauseous oil, etcetera. They need water as much as older people, both physiologically and feelingly, and should be regularly supplied with all they will drink.

A SAND BAG IN ILLNESS is said to be even better than the hot water rubber bag, since it retains the heat longer, and is more easily adjusted to different parts of the body. It is made of flannel, about eight inches square, filled with sand, carefully sewed up, and inclosed in another bag of cotton or linen. It is heated in an oven, but not in contact with the iron; keeping a fresh one warming as the first begins to lose its heat.

HOME INFLUENCE.—Our home influence is not a passing but an abiding one, and all-powerful for good or evil, for peace or strife, for happiness or misery. Each separate home has been likened to a central sun around which revolves a happy and united band of warm, loving hearts, acting, thinking, rejoicing, and sorrowing together. Which member of the family group can say, "I have no influence?" What sorrow or what happiness lies in the power of each!

HESITATION.—Hesitation and vacillation are two qualities which count for a good deal in the histories of disappointment. A man who is not quite certain which way he means to go, and stands hesitating at the cross roads, makes no progress on his journey; and a woman who has a heap of odds and ends to attend to—household duties, letters to write, visits to pay, etc.—and sits down with her hands before her, trying to make up her mind what she will begin upon first, will never do anything so long as she sits there.

THE best thing is not to consider so much, "What shall my boy learn?" as to set to work to carefully watch and study all the little things your son performs in his boyish life, in which he is apt to display his natural longings and desires and to betray evidences of early talent and what he is best fitted for. By so doing you will gain the important knowledge of what your boy would learn with the most pleasure and quickness, and it will be very easy to start him on the road on which he will be able to make the most headway and progress.

BE TRUE TO YOURSELF.—Learn to be a man of your word. One of the most disheartening of all things is to be associated in an undertaking with a person whose word is not to be depended upon, and there are plenty of them in this wide world, people whose promise is as slender as a spider's web. Let your given word be as a hempen rope, a chain of wrought steel, that will bear the heaviest sort of strain. It will go far in making a man of you; and a real man is the noblest work of God; not a lump of moist putty moulded and shaped by the last influence met with that was calculated to make an impression, but a man of forceful, energized, self-reliant and reliable character, a positive quality that can be calculated upon.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.—The young who have had to plod their way through life alone, and perhaps from years of infancy, without guidance of father or mother, and who have made a successful struggle, are men and women worthy of all praise. They have been exposed to every danger, and, above all, to danger of loss of faith. As orphans they had but few friends; and if lucky enough to find shelter in some asylum they were there only long enough to learn what was absolutely necessary to get along with. They, above all others, can tell what a battle life is, and how discouraging is the contest when carried on alone. But from the cradle to the grave every man's experience is valuable, especially when the useful lesson which it teaches is not thrown away or forgotten.

LIFE.—They who say that this is a miserable life say not well. It is a misanthropy or a diseased imagination only that says this. Life is liable to

misery, but misery is not its very being; it is not a miserable existence. Witness—I know not what things to say or how many. The eye is opened to a world of beauty, and to a heaven—all sublimity and loveliness. The ear heareth tones and voices that touch the heart with joy, with rapture. The great wide atmosphere breathes upon us, bathes us with softness and fragrance. Then look deeper. How many conditions are happy! Childhood is happy, and youth is prevailingly happy, and prosperity hath its joy, and wealth its satisfaction; and the warm blood that flows in the ruddy cheek and sinewy arm of honest poverty is a still better gift. No song is so hearty and cheering—none that steals forth from the windows of gay saloons—as the song of honest labour among the hills and mountains. Oh! to be a man, with the true energies and affections of a man; all men feel it to be good. To be a healthful, strong, true-hearted, and loving man, how much better is it than to be the minion or master of any condition, lord, landgrave, King or Cæsar! How many affections, too, are happy! Gratitude, generosity, pity, love, and consciousness of being loved. And to bow the heart in lowliness and adoration, before the infinite, all blessing, ever-blessing One, to see in the all-surrounding brightness and glory, not beauty and majesty only, but the all-beautiful, the all-majestic, all conscious *Mind* and *Spirit* of love; this is to be filled with more than created fulness—it is to be filled with all the fulness of God.—*Dewey.*

GILMORE'S BAND.

Our fair Capital—very fair and sweet after the salutary showers of the past few weeks—assumed her gayest aspect on the occasion of the visit of Gilmore's band—the world renowned. During the clear, warm midsummer day the ordinary business of life was laid aside—in spirit, if not literally,—while the one topic of conversation was Gilmore's Band; the one object, possession of good seats for the great concert.

In this beautiful but ever unsatisfactory world, as a rule almost universal, the pleasure of anticipation, in great things and small, exceeds that of realization. But the gay, expectant throngs gathered to do homage to Mr. Gilmore realized the repetition of history in an experience akin to that of the Queen of Sheba.

The wonderful culture of the voices of the soloists, the perfection of the instrumental selections, must have delighted the heart of the musician; but to all the rendition of Puerner's "Charge of the Light Brigade" and Charles Kunel's "Alpine Storm" were marvels of delight. In the former no vivid imagination was necessary to suggest the rain of bullets, the clashing of bayonets, the boom of cannon; the latter was most realistic. The salutations of shepherds at daybreak on their lutes mingle with the tingling of the sheep bells. Soon, rumbling of distant thunder precedes the swish of sudden rain, increasing to intensity, and accompanied by shrill whistling, as of wind among the pines, an effect so real that to the spectators in the heated hall seems wafted a breath of cool, moist air. Gradually the storm subsides, the shepherds' lutes again are heard, and (as the writer for one moment believed), nature, with singular opportuneness, provided the twittering of birds in the eaves of the building; but a glance at the programme revealed the fact that the birds were expected; so was the burst of golden sunshine concluding the "Storm," and preceding a perfect rapture of applause.

SONNET.

Come Summer, come, bring me thy June once more,
With all its tenderness of budding sweets,
Filling the subtle summer air that beats
With melody of birds. Come, I implore!
My spirit craves thee as the lonely shore—
All weary waiting for the sea—entreats
It to return, which, dancing strandward, greets
It lovingly, and clasps it o'er and o'er.

Thus shalt thou clasp me, treasured month of June,—
Holding me captive to thy throbbing heart,
Breathing thy perfumes o'er me till I swoon
With rapture—knowing soon that we must part;
Knowing thou, too, wilt vanish like the sea,
Leaving me lonely still to wait for thee!

Windsor, N.S.

HATTIE R. McLELLAN.

Humours

It was a woman who saw the first snake, but since the men have attended to that sort of thing.

THE self-closing door-spring is an awful aggravation to the man who is going out of your office mad and wants to slam the door.

A CERTAIN journal mentions James Clark and wife, who were "born, died and buried on the same day." He and his wife must have been awfully young.

HOUSEHOLDER: "See here, I could put a new pipe in for the price you charged me for mending that leak." Plumber (with an injured air): "Well, if you preferred a new pipe why didn't you say so?"

MRS. O. B. JOLLY: "I invited twenty people to the party and twenty have come. I have refreshments for only fifteen. What shall I do?" Mr. O. B. Jolly (after a moment's thought): "I have it. Let Maria sing for them just before supper."

IS HE A WOMAN-HATER?—The only chance we can see for unfortunate man is to fix a limit of age, say 30 or thereabouts, for women voters, and swear them to their age. An unmarried woman who would publicly own up to 30 might perhaps be safely entrusted with a vote.

NOT IN THE PICTURE.—Lady Thyra (reading catalogue)—Two dogs, after Landseer. Lady Myra: But where is Landseer? I don't see him. Lady Thyra: Why, surely, you don't suppose he would stay there with those two ferocious looking brutes after him. I know I shouldn't if I were in his place.

A LITTLE girl lately brought a volume to a Glasgow librarian, with the following message: "John sent me wi' this book, and he wants the next ane." "And who is John?" gruffly questioned the man of books. "Oh," answered the girl, innocently, "he's gettin' better. He'll sune be able to be out again."

PRESIDENT-ELECT HARRISON is having a lively time with his grandson Benjamin whose mother is in New York. The little fellow is quiet enough during the day, but is certain to awaken in the small hours of the morning, and it is gravely related that the only person who can comfort him is Grandpa Harrison, who is obliged to carry the boy about in his arms and hum a lullaby as he walks.

"Is this whaur the Hielan' boat frae *Dimerara* comes in?" was the startling question levelled at a friend of mine the other day while he pursued his work at a shipping box on the Broomielaw. For a moment he stared at the woman, while an amused smile crept over his rubicund countenance. "It'll be the Inveraray boat you mean, my woman," he said. "Weel, maybe that's it. I was sent for Jean's kist," the woman said.

A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.—Miss Antique (school teacher): "What does w-h-i-t-e spell?" Class: No answer. Miss Antique: "What is the colour of my skin?" Class (in chorus): "Yellow."

The longest day is in June, they say;
The shortest in December.
They did not come to me that way;
The shortest I remember
You came a day with me to stay.
And filled my heart with laughter;
The longest day—you were away—
The very next day after.

THE way of the drunkard is hard. Dr. Carothers says he is the helpless victim of transmitted heredity; Dr. Keeley says he is a sufferer from disease and is to be treated accordingly; the prohibitionist says he is an anarchist and needs only the restraining hand of law; Dr. Crosby says he is a free moral agent and must be so held and dealt with; the high-license man says he is the victim of over indulgence and cheap liquor, and if his whiskey cost more he would drink less of it, and now the Minnesota Legislature classes him with the burglar and the robber and makes drunkenness a penal offence. The wine cup not only stings like an adder, but it biteth like a multiplication table in its diffusive treatments. After a while it will get to be so that a man will have to consult a lawyer before he dares take a drink, and then he won't have enough money to get drunk on. All these things, therefore, tend to ultimate prohibition.

THE Albany *Journal* states that a dirty, foul-mouthed tramp called at the house of a Bethlehem widow, living alone, about 7 o'clock in the morning, and offered to saw wood in return for a breakfast. The woman eyed him suspiciously. "Are ye hungry?" she asked. "Yessum, hungrier nor a bear." "Well, ye can have yer feed first, I guess." He was given a bountiful meal. At the conclusion the tramp rose and took up an ugly-looking bludgeon. "I'll keep my eyes wide open tight," he said, grinning, and if I see a man as wants ter saw yer wood fer his breakfast I'll give him yer address." Then he opened the door and slouched out. He had gone but a few steps when he heard the widow's sharp voice calling a halt. He turned with an oath and saw a gun pointed squarely at him. The widow ordered him to come right back. He came back and sawed, not one, but two cords of wood, killed and plucked two chickens, whitewashed the hen house, and cleaned out the cow stable.



A MISAPPLICATION.

"But, Mike, you know that a pigstie should not be so near to a dwelling!"
 "Why not, Doctor Small?"
 "Because it is not healthy!"
 "There you are mistaken doctor! This pig has not been sick an hour since we have had it!"



AN INTRODUCTION.

MADAME: "What! two at once?"
 MENDICANT: "Excuse us, dear Madame! You have always been so good and kind to me, I only wanted to introduce Joseph-William who will have the honour, in future, also of calling occasionally!"

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